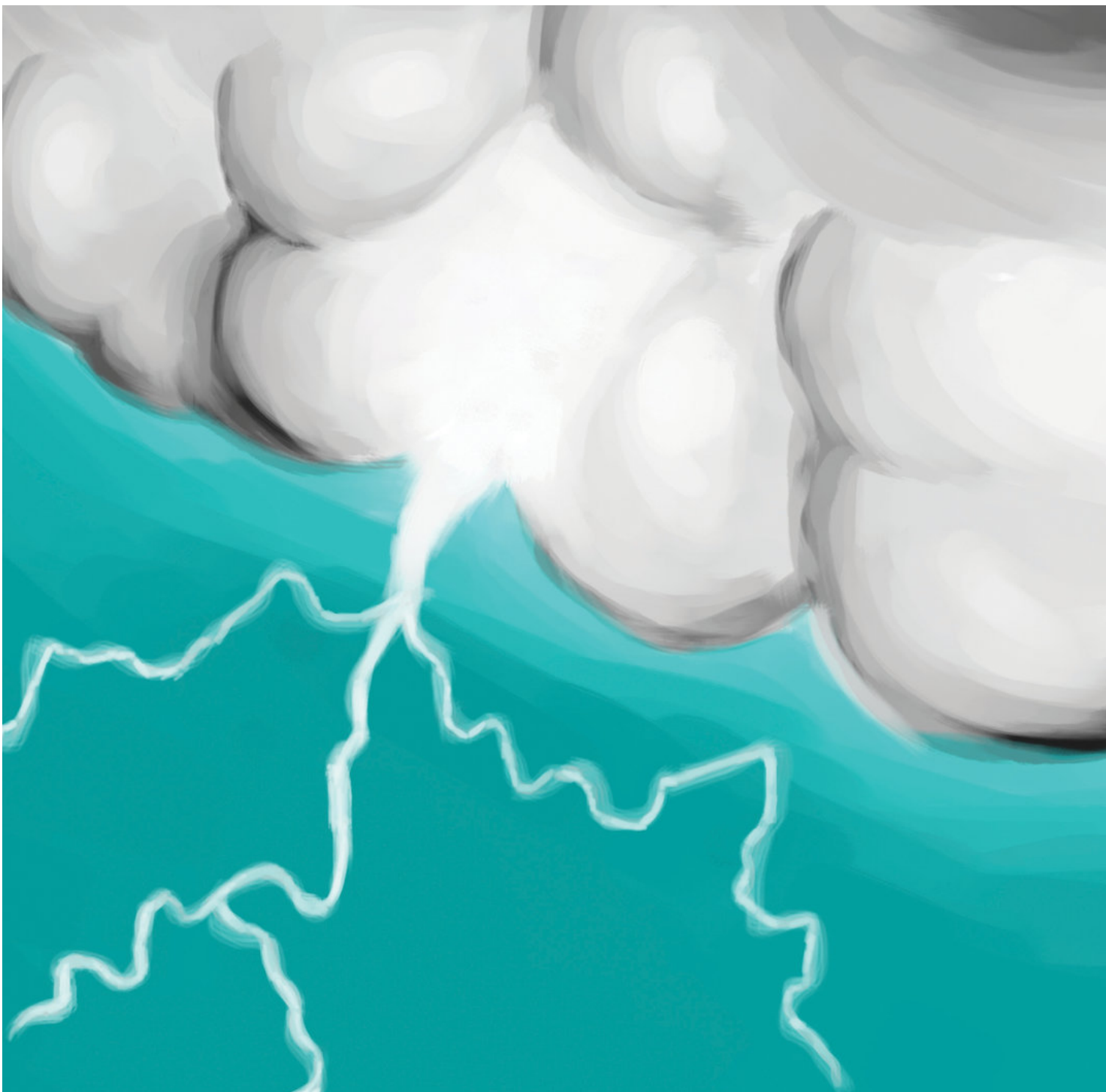




# **Sister, Sister, Where Does Thunder Come From?**

**Author:** Roopa Pai

**Illustrator:** Greystroke

Level 3



Sister, sister I wonder...  
What do you wonder, little brother,  
What do you wonder?  
I wonder, I wonder,  
Where thunder comes from.  
Where do you think, little brother,  
Where do you think?  
I think, I think  
Tell me, little brother,  
What do you think?



I think  
That there is a great big Kumbhakarna  
Sleeping in the sky  
And when the silver ropes of rain  
Lash him, and chase his sleep away,  
He wakes up.  
Sparks fly out of his eyes like lightning  
He stamps his big ugly feet  
Takes a long deep breath  
And ROARS with rage.





(Let me tell you If I had thrown a tantrum like that  
Mother would have spanked me.  
Hard.)

I think that's  
Where the thunder comes from  
From the fury of a  
Kumbhakarna in the sky  
Who likes to stay asleep, and dry.  
I'm clever, aren't I, sister?



Oh yes you are, little brother, oh yes you are.  
And maybe you're right, too...  
But in the books that I have read  
That is not what they said.  
Then what did they say, sister,  
What did they say?  
What do you think, little brother,  
What do you think?  
I think, I think...  
Tell me, little brother, What do you think?



I think  
There is a gang of crazy bikers  
Up there in the sky  
In their black leather jackets  
And steel-studded boots  
And dark glasses that hide their eyes  
Just like in the movies.  
And what they like to do best  
Is to race each other in the pouring rain.





I think  
When they mount their bikes and  
KICK them to life  
Steel strikes steel  
There's your lightning!  
Then, when they do what bikers do  
Rev up their engines, and rrrev them,  
and rrrev them  
There's your thunder!



I think that's where the thunder comes from  
Not from a demon,  
not from a plane,  
But from a fleet of bikes that race in the rain.  
I'm clever, aren't I, sister?





I know you are, little brother, I know you are  
And maybe you're right, too...  
But in all the books that I have read  
That is not what they said.  
Then what did they say, sister,  
What did they say?  
What do you think, little brother,  
What do you think?  
I think, I think...  
Tell me, little brother, What do you think?

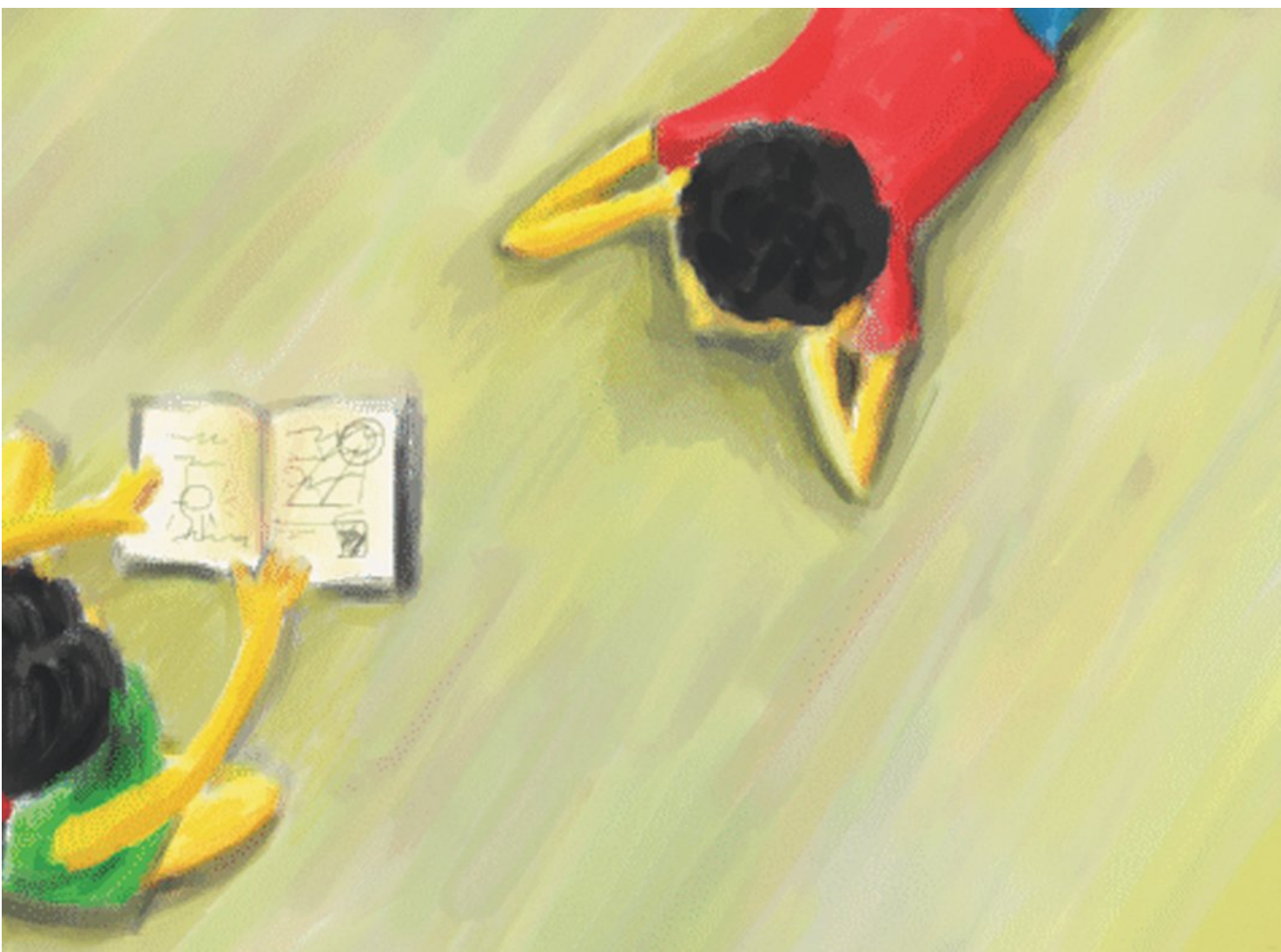


I think  
That when it rains  
The children  
Of the old woman in the sky  
Are absolutely NOT allowed  
To play outside (for they may catch a cold!).  
Cooped up indoors  
They all get a little restless,  
and VERY cranky.



I think the old woman opens her trunk  
Pulls out a game of chaupad  
And a pair of giant dice.  
The children clap their hands in excitement  
Roll the giant dice  
And forget they were ever bored.  
I think that's where the thunder comes from  
From the dance of a pair of dice  
As they make their way across the skies.  
I'm clever, aren't I, sister?





Of course you are, little brother,  
And maybe you're right, too...  
But in all the books that I have read  
That is not what they said.  
Then what did they say, sister,  
What did they say?  
Come here, little brother,  
I'll tell you what they said.  
They said, they said...  
Tell me sister, what did they say?



They said  
That thunder always comes after lightning.  
But you know that, don't you?  
And that  
It is the lightning  
That makes the thunder.



The lightning is like ELEC-TRI-CITY  
The same magic ELEC-TRI-CITY  
That runs the pump  
And floods the house with light  
And fills the TV with Sachin and Saurav  
At the flip of a switch.  
But I asked about thunder, sister,  
I asked about thunder.  
Have patience, little brother,  
Have patience now.





They said that lightning is very hot  
Just like electricity.  
And when it slices through the air  
And stabs the earth  
It makes the air through which it comes  
Very Very Very hot.  
They said  
The hot air EXPANDS  
And explodes BOOOOOOM!  
Like a monster Diwali bomb.



And some little children  
Bury their faces  
In their mothers' sarees.  
But brave little boys like you  
Hear the air go BOOOOOOM!  
Turn around quickly.  
Can it be true, sister, can it be true?  
I can't say, little brother, I can't say.  
But in all the books that I have read  
That is what they said.

## **FIND OUT MORE!**

### **Where does thunder come from?**

Everything around us is made up of tiny particles called atoms. Each atom has a nucleus at the centre, which is filled with particles called neutrons and positively charged particles called protons. Even tinier particles (negatively charged) called electrons go around the nucleus like the planets go around the sun.

In a thundercloud, air carries bits of ice and water droplets upwards. When they rub against each other, the atoms in them become ions (that is, they become charged positively or negatively). The positive ions are lighter and move upwards, while the heavier negative ions move downwards to the bottom of the cloud.



The negative ions at the bottom of the cloud attract the positive ions on the earth. When they start flowing towards each other, electricity is created, which becomes a huge, powerful flash of lightning.

The lightning makes the air around it very, very hot almost as hot as the sun! This hot air expands very quickly, causing a big explosion. It then begins to contract equally quickly once the lightning flash has passed. This explosion of air is what causes the sound waves that we call thunder.

## **Try this experiment!**

To understand how particles with opposite charges attract each other, let's make a magic 'magnetic balloon'!

### **You need:**

A balloon

A piece of wool or silk

A wall

### **What to do:**

1. Blow up the balloon.
2. Rub it briskly with the piece of wool or silk.
3. Hold it against the wall and watch it 'stick' there like a magnet to iron!

### **Why does this happen?**

When you rub the balloon with the wool or silk, electrons get transferred between the two. The atoms in the balloon take in more electrons, so the balloon becomes negatively charged. When you hold it against the wall, the negative ions in the balloon get attracted to the positive ions in the wall, causing the balloon to stick to the wall!

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# Sister, Sister, Where Does Thunder Come From?

(English)

Little Brother's inquisitive mind is always full of questions for Big Sister. He knows Big Sister has all the answers, because she is always reading one big fat book or another. In this book, Little Brother wonders where thunder comes from. Is it the roaring of the angry giant who lives in the sky that causes the heavens to rumble, or is it just the wild biker gang up in the clouds that makes all that noise? Of course, Big Sister has the right answer in the end, but before you start reading this fun book to find out, tell us: where do YOU think thunder comes from?

This is a Level 3 book for children who are ready to read on their own.



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